

Distorted Sounds by **MistressYin**

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Summary:

Steve takes Jim up on his offer.

Distorted Sounds

Author's Note:

Probably won't make sense if you don't read 'Heartbeat' and 'You don't know' of this series first.

And the phrase of the day is...Distorted Sounds

Steve doesn't particularly know how he got here, only that his head was pressed firmly into Jim's shoulder.

He had walked in, exhausted and honestly close to tears when Jim saw him, patted his spot next to the couch, and now Steve was here. He was here with a wobbly lip and shaky breaths.

"What does it feel like for you? These attacks? They're different for everyone." Jim asked adjusting his arm so Steve's face wasn't pressed into the bone anymore.

"It feels unclear. I can't focus on anything and everything feels like so much work. All I want to do is stare and think about all the things I should be doing. My mind's too fuzzy to actually accomplish anything, though."

Jim hums. "Are your senses affected?"

Steve chuckles wetly into Jim's shoulder. "Yea. I can...I can hear it. The house and the screams and...God, I can smell the room and the leather...I—I'm sorry—" he choked off, feeling more tears gather up behind his eyes.

"It's fine, kid. You don't have to talk about it."

Steve shook his head. "S-sometimes it's mom, I don't even know why! She never did anything and maybe that's the root, her absence hurt, it did. There—there was this one time, dad had me right by the throat and mom just got up from the kitchen table to clean her dish and left! She—she left me there with him and he smashed that bottle there was so much blood..." he wasn't crying anymore, but his voice was hoarse.

Jim took a deep breath.

“And everyone’s always telling me things like ‘you’re safe’ ‘he can’t hurt you’ well its fuckign bullshit! When the nightmares get so bad a wake up and blood is sliding down my throat because I bit through my tongue to keep quiet, he’s hurting me! When I’m at school and every single person is looking at me and the teacher’s even start to stare at me as if I’m glass, goddamnit he’s hurting me! When I can’t even have a normal conversation with a girl at the store without him coming up, it fucking hurts like hell! How am I safe when he haunts me everywhere?”

All of the frustration, all of the anger, bubbled up into discordant sounds ringing around his head. Complaints that he couldn’t even begin to understand, anger and sadness warring against each other as his body was overwhelmed with the emotions building in his throat and stomach and chest.

He felt the a hand find its way to his back and gave a sharp gasp. I wasn’t hostile, just rubbing in soothing motions and occasionally catching on a ridge or scar and pausing before continuing. Hopper had this look of concentration on his face while he did it, like he wasn’t quite sure if he’d rather give him a large hug or go punch someone really hard.

“I didn’t know you had scars like this. I mean, logically they were there, but I’ve never seen or, well, felt them.” He was clearly disturbed, but Steve couldn’t care.

He melted. The rubbing motion was soothing and his eyes were beginning to droop. His shoulders had slumped forward, his mouth parting. His whole body purred at the contact, comforted by the safety his face and body heat brought. When he took a deep breath, his body was adjusted so his back was to Jim. The hands never pressed, only barely rubbed and moved along his lower back and in circles around his sides, before sliding back up to his shoulder blades.

He was embarrassed to say he let out a soft moan when his fingers pressed into his sore neck, where pain always caught beneath the stress.

But soon he could feel an itch from the unfamiliar contact, his stomach rolling. It was overwhelming and all too much. Nice at first, but now he was really done.

All at once the anxiety came back and he froze up, his mouth moving, “S-stop.”

There wasn’t a question, a “Was that too much?” an apology or anything that would make this hard. Just a simple nod and a quick, “Sure kid.” before his head had fallen back onto his guardian’s shoulder.

“Jim?”

“Yup?”

“You have a nice shoulder. Perfect for crying on, really.”

“Yes, I believe it’s just the right shape. My comfy sweatshirt only adds to its appeal.”

Steve laughed.

Author's Note:

Thanks again from MistressYin!